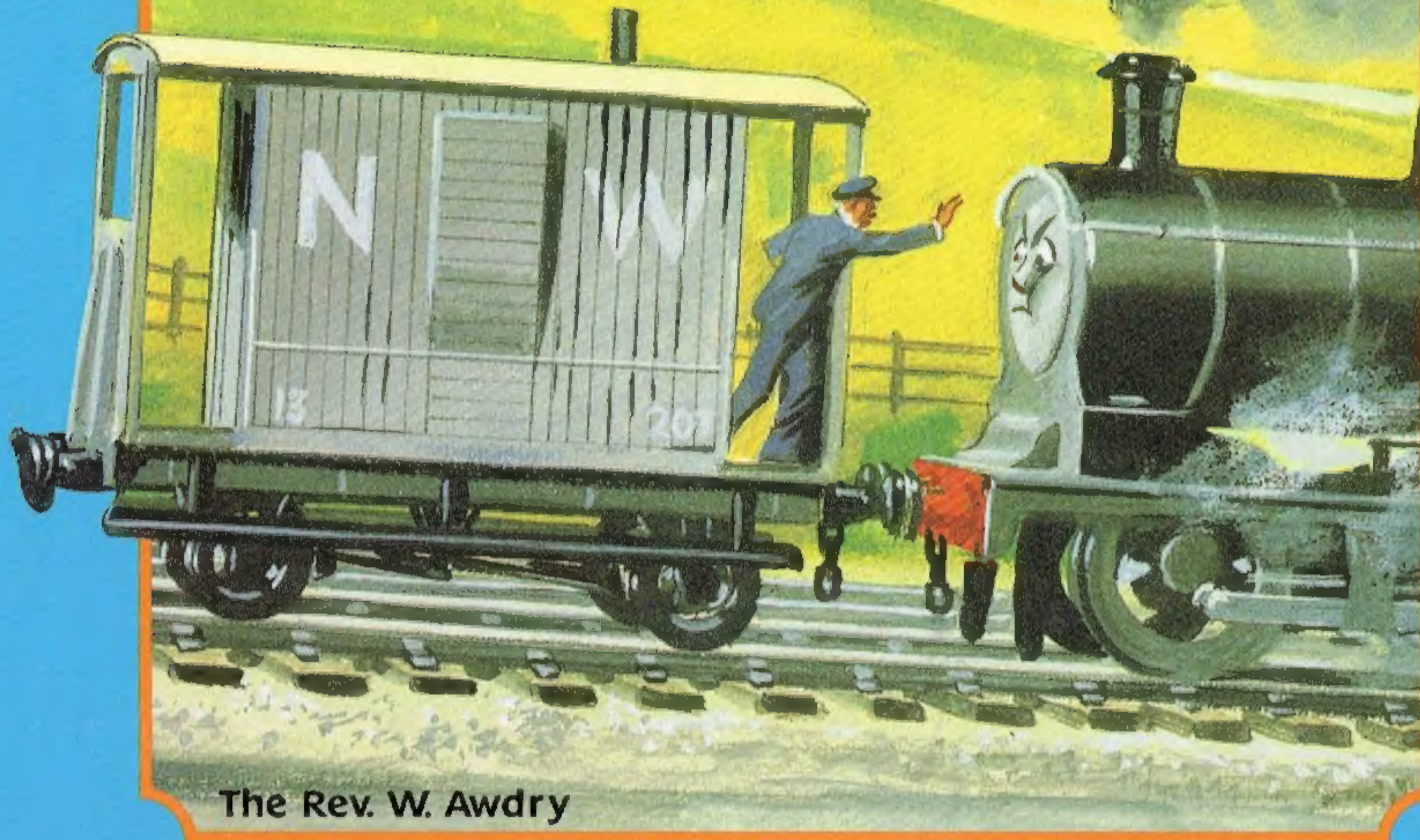


Break-Van

THOMAS
& FRIENDS

CLUB



The Rev. W. Awdry

SCHOLASTIC

2

books in 1



REALLY USEFUL WORDS

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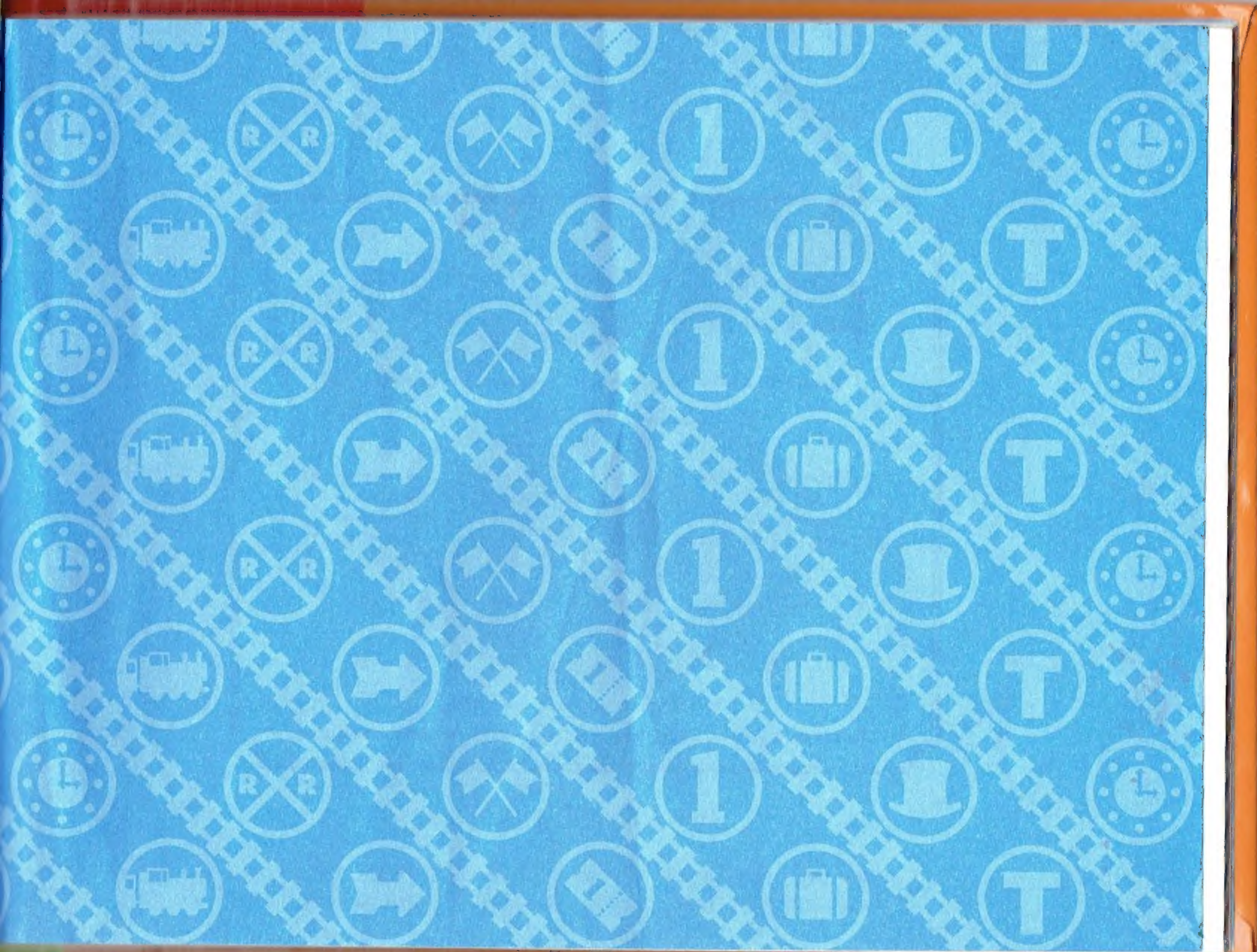
BRAKE-VAN: the last car in the train; the Guard rides in it and controls the brakes for the rest of the cars or coaches in the train

BUFFER: something that protects by cushioning, such as the barrier at the end of a track or a “bumper” on the front and back of an engine

SIGNAL-BOX: what the Signaller uses to control the signals that direct the movement of the train

POINTS: a pair of movable, narrowing rails that allow a train to pass from one line to another

SNIGGER: to laugh or snicker



Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends

A ^{Britt}BRIT ALLCROFT COMPANY PRODUCTION

Based on The Railway Series by The Rev W Awdry
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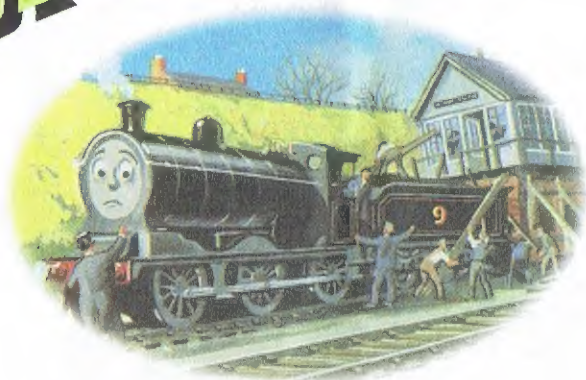
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Break-Van



by
The REV. W. AWDRY

SCHOLASTIC INC.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

You may wish to read this story before you read The Deputation.

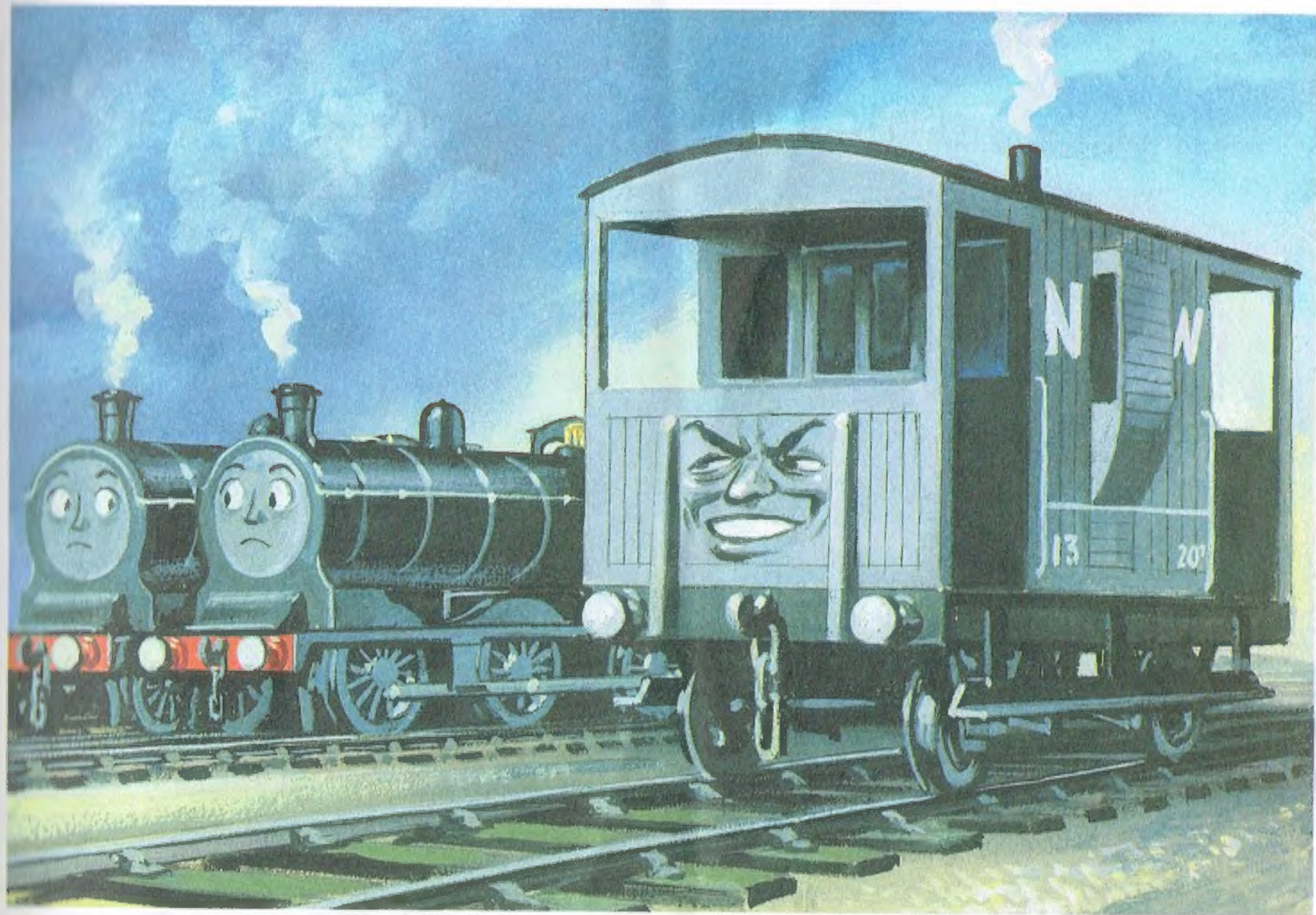
Sir Topham Hatt scolded both engines severely.
“There must be no more tricks,” he said. “I shall be watching you both. I have to decide which of you is to stay.”
He strode away.

The twins looked glum. Neither wanted to stay without the other. They said so.

“Then what are we to do?” wondered Douglas.

“Och,” said Donald. “Each must be as good as the other. Then he’ll have to keep us both.”

Their plan was good; but they had reckoned without a spiteful brake-van.



The van had taken a dislike to Douglas. Things always went wrong when he had to take it out. Then his trains were late, and he was blamed. Douglas began to worry.

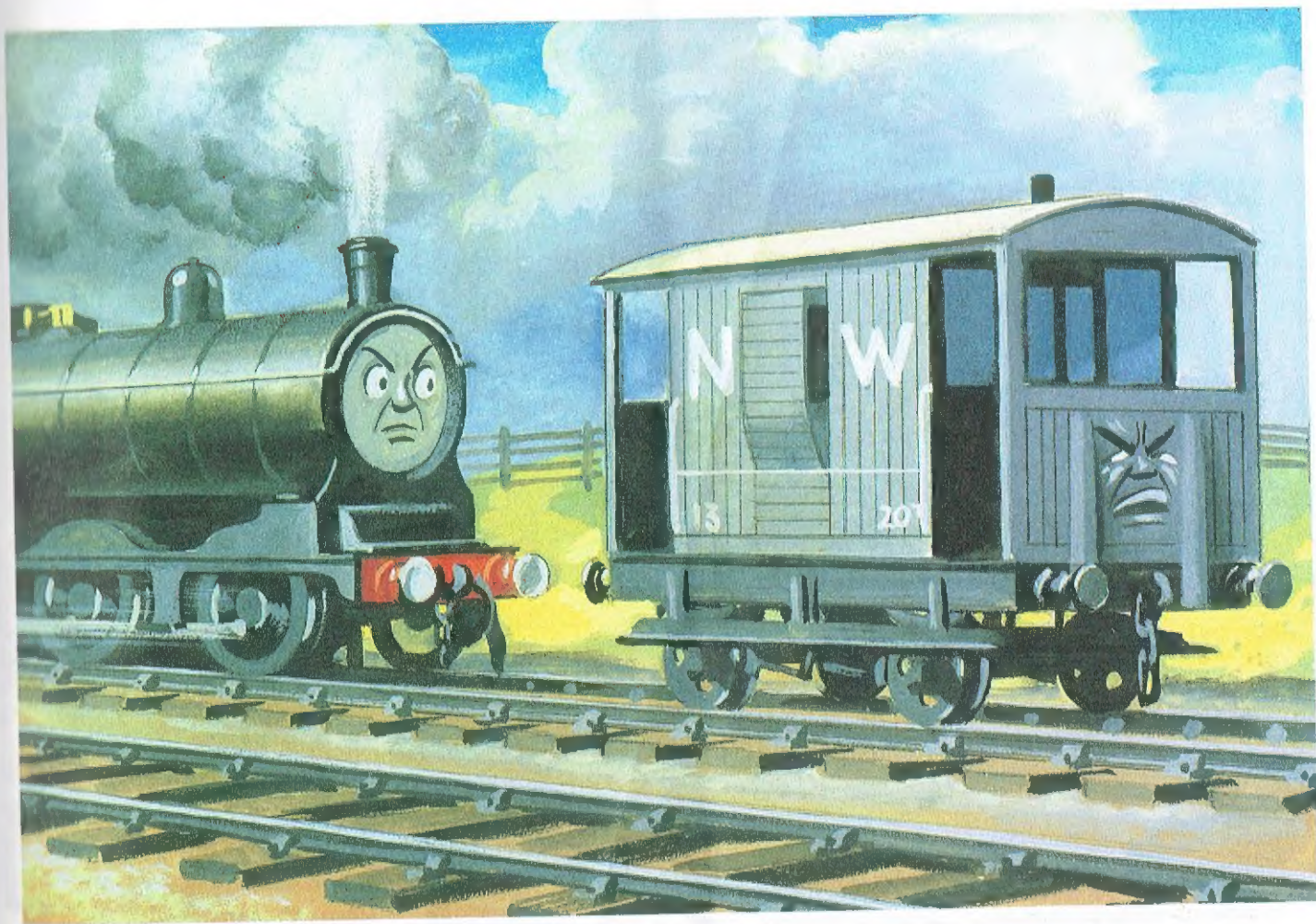
"Ye are such a nuisance," said Donald one day. "I'm wantin' to leave ye behind."

"You can't," said the van, "I'm essential."

"Och are ye?" Donald burst out. "Ye are nothin' but a screechin' and a noise when all's said and done. Spite Douggie, would ye? Take that."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the van.

"Keep it down," said Donald severely. "There's more comin' if ye misbehave."



The van behaved better after that. Douglas' trains were punctual, and the twins felt happier.

Then Donald had an accident. He backed into a siding. The rails were slippery. He couldn't stop in time, and crashed through the buffers into a signal-box.

One moment the Signalman was standing on the stairs; the next, he was sitting on the coal in Donald's tender. He was most annoyed.

"You clumsy great engine," he stormed, "now you must stay there. You've jammed my points. It serves you right for spoiling my nice new signal-box."



Sir Topham Hatt was cross, too. "I am disappointed, Donald," he said. "I did not expect such—er—clumsiness from you. I had decided to send Douglas back and keep you."

"I'm sorry, Sirr," but Donald didn't say what he was sorry for. (We know, don't we?)

"I should think so, too," went on Sir Topham Hatt indignantly. "You have upset my arrangements. It is *most inconvenient*. Now James will have to help with the goods work, while you have your tender mended. James won't like that."

Sir Topham Hatt was right. James grumbled dreadfully.



“Anyone would think,” said Douglas, “that Donal had his accident on purpose. I heard tell,” he went on, “about an engine an’ some tar wagons.”

Gordon and Henry chuckled.

“Shut up!” said James. “It’s not funny.”

“Well, well, well!” said Douglas innocently. “Surely, James, it wasn’t you? Ye don’t say!”

James didn’t say. He was sulky the next morning, and wouldn’t steam properly. When at last he did start, he bumped the freight cars hard.

“He’s cross,” sniggered the spiteful brake-van. “We’ll try to make him crosser still!”



“Hold back!” whispered the van to the freight cars.

“Hold back!” giggled the freight cars to each other.

James did his best, but he was exhausted when they reached Edward’s station. Luckily Douglas was there.

“Help me up the hill, please,” panted James. “These freight cars are playing tricks.”

“We’ll show them,” said Douglas grimly.

“Come on—Come on—COME ON,” puffed James crossly.

“Get MOV-in’ you! Get MOV-in’ you!” puffed Douglas from behind.

Slowly but surely the snorting engines forced the unwilling freight cars up the hill.



But James was losing steam. "I can't do it. I can't do it," he panted.

"LEAVE IT TO ME! LEAVE IT TO ME!" shouted Douglas. He pushed and he puffed so furiously that sparks leaped from his funnel.

"Ooer!" groaned the van. "I wish I'd never thought of this." It was squeezed between Douglas and the freight cars. "Go on! Go on!" it screamed; but they took no notice.

The Guard was anxious. "Go steady!" he yelled to Douglas. "The van's breaking."

It was too late. The Guard jumped as the van collapsed. He landed safely on the side of the line.



"I might have known it would be Douglas!"

"I'm sorry, Sirr. Maybe I was clumsy, but I didn't wanna be beaten by that tricky van."

"I see," said Sir Topham Hatt.

Edward brought workmen to clear the mess.

"Douglas was grand, Sir," he said. "James had no steam left, but Douglas worked hard enough for three. I heard him from my yard."

"Two would have been enough," said Sir Topham Hatt dryly. "I want to be fair, Douglas," he went on. "I admire your determination, but . . . I don't know, I really don't know."

He turned and walked thoughtfully away.





REALLY USEFUL WORDS

LINE: a train route

COUPLE: to connect the engine and various cars and coaches together to form a train

TENDER: a vehicle or freight car drawn behind a steam locomotive to carry fuel and water

BRAKE-VAN: the last car in the train; the Guard rides in it and controls the brakes for the rest of the cars or coaches in the train





The Deputation



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You may wish to read this story after you read Break-Van.

He'll send us away for sure, Donal."

"I'm thinkin' ye are right there, Douggie. The luck's been against us. An Engine doesn't know what to do for the best."

Snow came early that year. It was heavier than usual. It stayed, too, and choked the lines. Most engines hate snow. Donald and Douglas were used to it. They knew what to do. Their Drivers spoke to the Inspector, and they were soon coupled back to back, with a van between their tenders. Then, each with a snowplow on their fronts, they set to work.

They puffed busily backward and forward patrolling the line.



Generally the snow slipped away easily, but sometimes they found deeper drifts. Then they would charge them again and again, snorting, slipping, puffing, panting, till they had forced their way through.

Presently they came to a drift which was larger than most. They charged it, and were backing for another try. There was a feeble whistle, people waved and shouted.

“Gosh sakes, Donal, it’s Henry! Don’t worry yourself, Henry. Wait a little. We’ll have ye out!”

Sir Topham Hatt was returning soon. The twins were glum. “He’ll send us back for sure,” they said.

“It’s a shame!” sympathized Percy.



"A lot of nonsense about a Signal-box," grumbled Gordon.
"Too many of those, if you ask me."

"That brake-van, too," put in James. "Good riddance.
That's what I say."

"They were splendid in the snow," added Henry. "It isn't
fair." They all agreed that *something must be done*, but none
knew what.

One day, Percy talked to Edward about it.

"What you need," said Edward, "is a Deputation." He
explained what that was.

Percy ran back quickly. "Edward says we need a
Depotstation," he told the others.



"Of course," said Gordon, "the question is . . ."

". . . what is a desperation?" asked Henry.

"It's when engines tell Sir Topham Hatt something's wrong, and ask him to put it right."

"Did you say *tell* Sir Topham Hatt?" asked Duck thoughtfully. There was a long silence.

"I propose," said Gordon at last, "that Percy be our—er—hum—disputation."

"ME!" squeaked Percy. "I can't."

"Rubbish, Percy," said Henry. "It's easy."

"That's settled then," said Gordon.

Poor Percy wished it wasn't!



"Hullo Percy! It's nice to be back."

Percy jumped. Some freight cars went flying. "Er y-y-yes Sir, please, Sir."

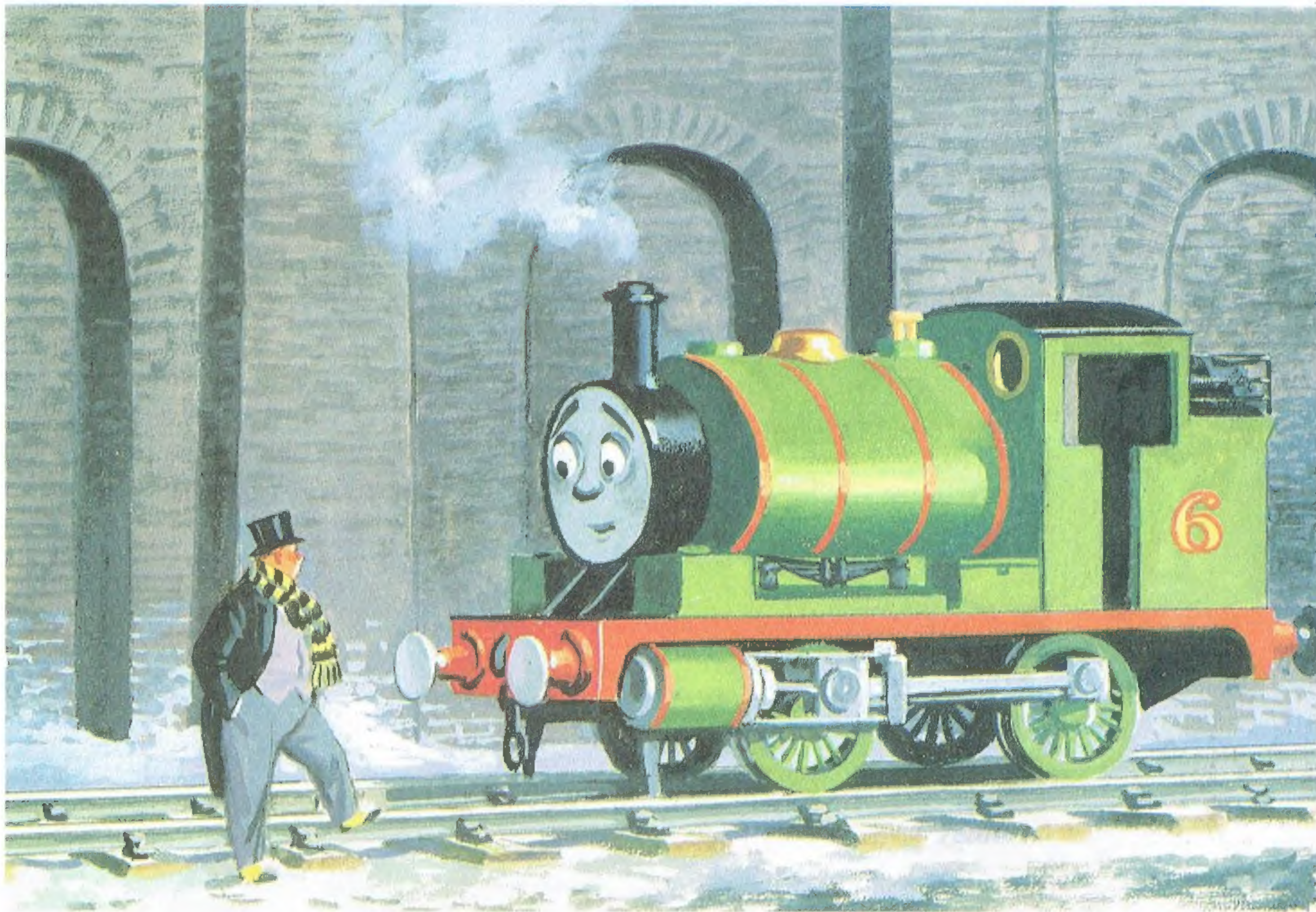
"You look nervous, Percy. What's the matter?"

"Please, Sir, they've made me a Desperation, Sir. To speak to you, Sir. I don't like it, Sir."

Sir Topham Hatt pondered. "Do you mean a Deputation, Percy?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir, please, Sir. It's Donald and Douglas Sir, they'll be turned into scrap, Sir. That'd be dreadful, Sir. Please, Sir, don't send them away, Sir. They're nice engines, Sir."

"Thank you, Percy. That will do." He walked away.



"I had a—er—deputation yesterday," said Sir Topham Hatt. "I understand your feelings but I do not approve of interference." He paused impressively. "Donald and Douglas, I hear that your work in the snow was good. What color paint would you like?"

The twins were surprised. "Blue, Sirr, please."

"Very well. But your names will be painted on you. We'll have no more 'mistakes'."

"Thank ye, Sir. Does this mean that the both of us . . . ?"

Sir Topham Hatt smiled. "It means . . ."

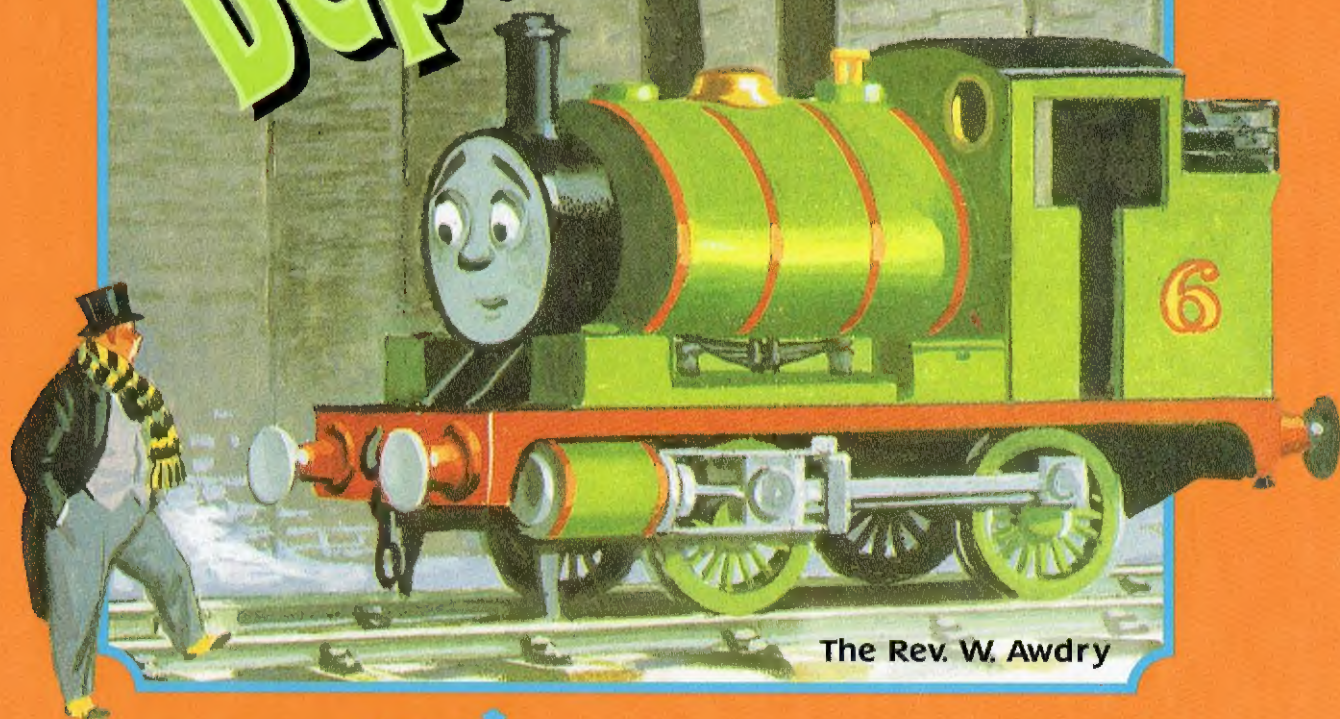
But the rest of his speech was drowned in a delighted chorus of cheers and whistles.



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